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ABSTRACT

"Broadcasting as it exists now in the United States is a pitiful, unmitigated whore." That ribald statement indicates the point-of-view and basic theme of this anti-establishment booklet designed to provide the basic information necessary for anyone or any group wanting to gain access to FM radio (primarily the educational broadcasting portion of the FM band, 88.1 to 91.9 megahertz). The technical hard facts involved actually starting and operating a small radio station are interspersed with irreverent anecdotes written in frank uncensored language. The Federal Communications Commission is portrayed as a massive bureaucratic obstacle while commercial radio station owners are described as "air wave robber barons". The booklet nevertheless contains a large amount of practical information and advice. Specific engineering considerations are explained in lay terms. The techniques and pitfalls of filing the applications, raising the necessary capital, and organizing the station are clearly explained. The word "sex" in the title is a sales-increasing device and is misleading as a subject-matter indicator. (MC)

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SEX

and Broadcasting

A Handbook on Starting Community Radio Stations

by

L. Milam

Two Dollah

THE SINS OF OMISSION...
(Found just after everything else went to the printers)

I didn't even mention the damn Ch. 6 problem. If you live in one of the 50 cities or towns with a tv station on Ch. 6, the FCC will not even accept your application for filing if you are asking for a frequency below 90 mHz. It is a gross engineering travesty --- created by the tv magnates so they can suck a few more bucks from their frequencies: and in the process a compliant FCC has frozen half of the educational FM band. The only way to get around this nonsense is for you to have permission from your Ch 6 tv station to go on their tower. Write to the FCC and ask them for Docket 19183 for more information.

Also: we have gotten letters from a variety of religious groups wanting to know if they can apply for educational FM space. Fortunately, the FCC has been very wary of granting applications for these organizations. And for good cause: most existing Jesus stations (and FM is crammed with them) do not have the sense or fairness or honesty to provide even a modicum of time to diverse non-religious spokesmen (or have you ever heard a robust discussion of the faults of American religion and the concepts of a phoney Christ over your local 24 hour plastic god blither station?) Until religious broadcasters in this country come to realize that they have greater obligations than their own narrow ones, let's hope the FCC will continue this.

"Those who imagined

(that) they had made a revo-

lution always saw the next

day that they did not know

what they had been doing,

and that the revolution

they made was nothing like

the one they had wanted

to make."

---*Friedrich Engels,*
as quoted in Putsch!
by Richard Hanser

The author should like to thank Vega, who translated B F Dawson's cryptic prose; Frita Reuterman, who proofread the whole; Ed Hackman, who ran FM in the United States for twenty years or so; Ben F Waple, who signed everything; Major Edw. W. Armstrong, who made it all possible; and Johann Sebastian Bach, who made it all worth-while.

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All we ask is that you give us credit, and that you tell people they can order extra copies from The Whole Earth Truck Store, our distributors (Bookpeople of Berkeley) or direct from KTAO. 5 University Avenue, Los Gatos, California 95030.

The first edition of 1000 copies of Sex and Broadcasting sold for One Dollah. We managed to lose our ass at that price. The book cost 58.2¢ per copy to print, cost another 15¢ to mail out, and we had to give 50% to distributors. We gave ourselves nothing for the joy of writing and printing it.

So we are now asking that you pay $2 for this edition, plus 15¢ for the mailing. Any excess monies will go to KTAO and KDNA for the continuation of fine and honest community radio. We could do no less.

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A NOTE ON THE SECOND EDITION

Except for the first three pages of text, the whole of Sex & Broadcasting has been elaborately revised. It is now about five times longer, with about one-third of the bombast of the first edition.

The book came out in June of 1971 because I got goddamned sick and tired of writing up single-space five page letters for all those people wanting to set up alternative, community radio stations. I put the whole thing together in three days. It showed.

But it sold. We exhausted the first printing in less than three months, with the kind help of *The Whole Earth Catalogue, The Village Voice, Source, Liberation News Service, and Vocations for Social Change.*

[This is in unpleasant contrast to my first book *The Myrkin Papers*, which took five years to write, three months and $6000 to print, and which sold some 150 copies. If you are willing to pay $5 for that turkey, I still have a few dozen cartons under my bed and behind the door.]

That so many people are interested in the art of radio and radio station building is good and hopeful. What is tragic is that so many of my correspondents come from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other large cities where there is no good human alive community radio, and where

there is nothing in the way of available frequency space. Something must be done! Perhaps the citizens should have access to the over 60% of the spectrum wasted on the military. Perhaps we can convert the now wasted Long Wave band (100 - 500 kHz) to a community radio system.

Community radio. A fine thought! Studios, turn-tables, tape recorders, available to anyone who pays a low hourly rate: common carrier --- with no censorship in any form. A solution which has turned up in Micronesia --- of all places --- where anyone can go on the air after midnight and broadcast music, and talk, and interviews. Anyone who has the desire is free to communicate: and there is none of the false mystique imposed by broadcasters.

The need to communicate is as strong as the need to eat, or sleep, or love. If there is any theme to this book --- it is that we have come to a time when so many of the other needs have been met, and the driving force to be heard must be met in the same way. That's one theme, anyway. The other is the absolutely mad-making will-o-the-wisp called The FCC.

As far as sex goes, I think you will be hard-pressed to find any in this book. It's not that I am shy about offering you some passionate act of congress in the transmitting room, as the tube-blowers rage overhead. No: it's just that I really wanted you to buy this book, and my Great Aunt Beulah convinced me that a book, with the word SEX in its title would double its sales, and quadruple its readership.

Lorenzo W. Milam
Los Gatos, California
7 February 1972

Marvels of the Wireless

Radio set on a rubber heel that, despite its diminutive size, is claimed to be effective within a radius of fifteen miles. Four binding posts and a crystal detector were the chief essentials.

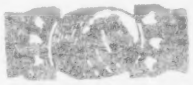
O! Radio!

Broadcasting as it exists now in the United States is a pitiful, unmitigated whore. At some stage in its history, there was a chance to turn it to a creative, artful, caring medium; but then all the toads came along, realizing the power of radio and television to hawk their awful wares. The saga of broadcasting in America is littered with the bodies of those who wanted to do something significant---and who were driven out [or more correctly, sold out] by the pimps and thieves who now run the media.

Broadcasting does not have to be so vile and boorish. The Canadians best of all have shown that it is possible to have a superb blending of commercial and non-commercial radio and television: and Canadian communications are alive and alert and funny and meaningful. They do not have to bore people to death (as the 'educational' broadcasters in this country so obviously need to do); nor do they view the listener as some sort of dumb animal to be fed acres of pap---solely for the purpose of prying money from him. The art of radio can be used for artistic means; the radio-soul does not have to be made into a strumpet for soap and politicians.

6 The dismal state of American broadcasting is perpetuated by those nitwits who should know better. Broadcasting Magazine, a master at praising the whole 19th century robber baron tradition of commercial broadcasting, shrieks 'censorship' everytime the Federal Communications Commission moves timidly into the area of consumer [listener and viewer] protection. The turnips at the National Association of Broadcasters have millions of dollars to bang on every congressman or Senator who may dare to try to change the milking of the golden goose of the aether. And the FCC itself is harassed and badgered on all sides by an industry which has enormous power.

But the spectrum is as big as all outdoors---and there is a nitch here, a crack there, for those who care to try to squeeze some of the art back into radio. There are even ways for the poor and the dispossessed to get on the air, to have a chance to speak and be heard outside the next room, the next block. Although most of this vital natural resource has gone into the hands of the speculator-ruinators, there is a portion of the FM band which has been set aside for commercial-free operations. Due to some recent easings in the restrictions on those who may apply for these frequencies, it is possible for small groups to have their own broadcast outlets...even though they are independent of schools, colleges, and the big moneybag radio combines.



We are primarily concerned with the educational portion of the FM band from 88.1 - 91.9 megahertz. Traditionally, this has been set aside for the big lores who run Schools of Communication at various colleges and universities and even public schools. But in 1954, the FCC permitted (suggested, in fact) that Pacifica Foundation in Berkeley make use of the educational band for a repeater operation---KPFA. Since then, other non-school groups have made use of the lower end of the FM band for community stations---educating listeners in the widest sense. KPFK in Los Angeles, KPFT in Houston Texas (both Pacifica stations) and, as well, KBCC in Portland, Oregon (licensed to the Jack Straw Memorial Foundation). More recently, KPOO --- Poor People's Radio of San Francisco --- and KUSP (The 'Pataphysical Broadcasting Foundation, Inc.) of Santa Cruz, California have applied for and received permits for non-commercial 10 watt "Class D" FM stations.

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These last two are the most interesting cases for the purposes of this booklet. For the first time in the history of FCC law and practice, non-school groups have been recognized as being legally qualified to broadcast on the non-commercial part of the broadcast band. 'Pataphysical Broadcasting Foundation, especially, was granted a permit to construct a low power station specifically using the suggestions outlined in the first edition of Sex and Broadcasting. Sometimes the only way to test new directions in FCC policy is through the application process. It is not unlike the exasperating method of determining radical changes in the Russian government through obscure hints in pictures on the back page of Pravda.

Thus, for the first time since the great wild early days of AM radio, back in the 1920s before the ogres took over our precious Aether---for the first time since those wild experimental days of free and loving transmission---radio operations have become available to anyone who might have that dreadful need to communicate. A need which some of us feel to be as strong and as vibrant as the need to love, and to eat, and to sleep.

A disease. Maybe even we can think of the art of transmission as a need of purblind sickness: a habit as hard and driving as the very shriek of the blower which cools the white-hot tubes in the broadcast transmitter. You and I, caught in the transmission of generations of words---cascading them to the edges of our visible horizon: and perhaps even sending them to the outer edges of the universe to puzzle strange minds behind strange brows. I know that someday I may be able to explain to you my views

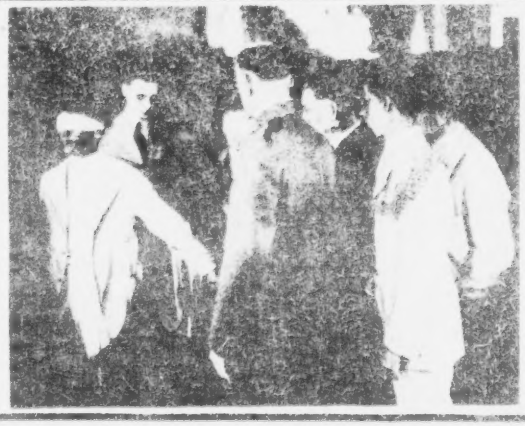

FIG 3
The Most Early Act of Transmission. Note the so-called Hand-Crank as The Most Early Power Source. (Some of the Practicioners found the hand action fatal.)

on the blinding habit of radio...which has to do with self-image, and the transmission of generations, and the needs for minorities to see and hear themselves on a million screens and in a million speakers in a million homes...

...but that's for us to talk about at some time when we have a few beers, and the sun is stretching to die on the Santa Cruz Mountains, and I can titillate you with my image of the sensual nature of broadcasting, the fascinating tingle of control rooms, and rack panels, and the fine hard mesh of microphones, and the dizzying amplification of a nice Collins transmitter. That's for later: now I want to give you some hope on the how-to-do it---because you may be able to do it.

And then again you may not. For what I am going to start to try to do is to lead you into the maze of bureaucracy called Federal Communications Commission and Form 340 and site availability. And you and I can never NEVER project the strange meanderings of the governmental process of cotton and delay. You may be able to pry a construction permit out of this body. Then again, as I am writing now, they may be fuddling up the rules whereby you seek a permit. Sometimes they come in the night and 'freeze' things---which means that all of a sudden your dream station is locked in the monster jaws of governmental inertia for years and years: and nothing, I mean nothing can ungum the process---not anger, rage, picketing, lawsuits, letters to Nicholas Johnson, political leverage, tears, desperation, and death.

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Someday, someday: I have promised myself to write for you a book about the FCC, and how they lose strange applications, as they did for me: and a strange man, called Harrington, in Complaints&Compliance. Someday. Not now.

To apply for a construction permit for a radio station, you will need the following:

A frequency;
A friendly (and hopefully honest) attorney;
A non-profit corporation;
A transmitting site;
Seven or nine good and loving people to be on the board of your corporation;
Ten copies of FCC Form 340;
Some money or other assets,
Patience. Acres of it.

It will take time, and the willingness to wait. Maybe as long as two years. But you can be doing this while you are holding down another job and eating clams on the beach and drinking yourself insensate at the same time.

A kiss is to love as a Form is to the Government, so you should get a fistful of the Form #340. They are free---one of the rare things that you and I can get for free from The Man--- from the Federal Communications Commission: either through any of their 24 district offices, or through the main octopus in Washington D.C. --- at 1919 "M" Street Northwest, zip 20036. Use one copy of this to rough out your answers. This is a good touchstone to getting yourself geared for all the steps and requirements facing a licensee of a broadcast station in the United States.

While you are waiting for your forms (since your letter will inevitably get lost somewhere in the governmental machinery) you should make sure that there is even a frequency availa-

ble in your area. I am fairly convinced that there are none whatsoever available within 40 to 60 miles of the following cities:

New York
Los Angeles
Chicago
Philadelphia
Boston
San Francisco
Detroit
Cleveland
Washington, D.C.
St. Louis
Seattle
Minneapolis

There are others which are marginal --- even for 10 watt stations. And I may be wrong on one or two of the cities listed above. Frequency searches are more than a little boring. This is where your engineer will help you.

For he will have to do a frequency search of your whole area --- which don't mean turning on the radio and listening for holes. You have to get the official FCC list of existing and pending FM stations from Cooper-Trent at 1130 19th St NW, Washington, DC. They also have the f 50,10 curves (see Ben Dawson's essay starting on page 45) expanded for easy use. You will need a copy of the FCC Rules, available after a mere six month delay from the Gov't Printing Office. When you get them, your most important information is contained in a footnote to Part I, Section 1.573. Inaccurate, but good for a quick spot-check frequency look-see is Bruce Elving's FM Station Atlas, available for $2 from Box 24, Adolph, Minnesota 55701.

One thing I would suggest that you not do at this stage. That is---go to your local office of the FCC and ask for their help on your community station. For one thing, these bureaucrats are notoriously disinterested in

acting as information sources. They are convinced that they are overworked. They may be right: the whole FCC consists of 1100 people whose job is to oversee a million or so acres of aether. But FCC bureaucrats are a special breed: not only are they Civil Servants with jobs to protect from controversy and life, but they have their own special loathing for the public. Employment at the FCC involves a desexing process, and some dress codes made up in 1934. Worse --- these bureaucrats --- especially on the local level --- will do anything, including making up stories, to get you out of their hair. I know of a dozen or so cases where innocents have been told "No --- there aren't any frequencies available," just so the petty official can get back to his papers.

The FCC lower echelon is a continuing paradox to those of us who have to work with it on a regular basis. One would think that they were not public servants at all: but rather, somewhat testy and very powerful nitpickers right out of Dostoevsky. There are occasional gentle and good souls who creep into the Commission on a lower level: but they are so rare that I don't even bother to ask any of the local branch offices of the FCC for anything except forms and administration of the 3rd Class test.

Your best source for help and rumor and advice and lore is not at the FCC. Nor would it be some local broadcast station owner: those tits are all salesmen hiredhands, paid to whore their particular frequency. Nor is it the dotards in a school of broadcasting: they are paid to suck $600 or $1000 from poor you (and your desperate need to communicate) and give you little in return. And you are going to get no help from the state university School of Communication---a repository for all the troglodytes who can't make it in the commercial world.

No: your biggest help is some First Class Chief engineer. One of those who has been working at one of your local radio stations for awhile, and who loves (most of them do) to talk about the industry.

I mean: a good broadcast engineer has an instant lightsecond source for information about what's going on at the station he is working for, or the station across the way, or the one in the next city --- or in many cases --- some across the country. They know about equipment for sale or about to be taken out of service. They know who is running which station. They know who is going to be hired, they know who is drinking too much, and who is sleeping with whom in the front office. They know all the prices paid for radio stations in your particular area over the past twenty years. They most probably have an avid interest in and affection for more than just the technical side of broadcasting. Often, their knowledge spills out into obscure and occult aspects of FCC law.

A good Chief Engineer is independent and bizarre. He has a mind of his own, because he has the access and expertise on the means of transmission of sound. The Chief Engineer of a radio station has the boss by the nuts, and they both know it. The salesmen and the management and the disc jockeys hold the Chief Engineer in some awe. And they should. I have talked to several engineers who managed to wire the station they work for. And they will be *goddamned* if they will ever draw up a comprehensive wiring diagram. "That's my lifetime job security," one said. They trade on the fact that most owners can't

tell a 3X2500A3 from a muskrat; they know that 98% of the jocks think that a rectifier is something for proctological examinations, and that the whole place would fall apart if they picked up and left.

In each area there are one or two or three literate, intelligent, madmen Chief Engineers (who likely as not work for several stations) --- who are a goldmine of information for you. If they like you, they will not only tell you who is eating out who in the sordid world of radio --- but they will help you with frequency searches, locate obscure and cheap equipment for you, tell you which station owners or managers to approach for necessary tower space. And, if they like you alot --- then will help you build your teakettle for nothing and maybe even contract to serve as your Chief Engineer for a small fee every month. They--- like most people in radio and television outside of the moneygrubbers --- are bored to death with the day-to-day workings of their job, and they share in the excitement of a new operation going on the air--- even if its just your minifoodle 10 watt station.

As long as we have gotten this far, I should tell you some things not to do. One is: don't sit around and dream of what call letters you are going to ask for. This opportunity occurs only after the issuing of an official construction permit by the FCC. Another is: don't start ordering or buying equipment. Although you must specify equipment for your application --- you would be an idiot to buy any. You may end up with transmitters in the basement and antennas in the bath-tub: and no radio station at all to hook them to.

For gods sakes, don't get all your friends and yourself worked up with dreams of zingy programs you are going to put out on the air. You will have days weeks months to do that while you are sitting around on your ass waiting for the FCC to act on your application. Don't get people worked up with stories of the knockout radio station which will be going on the air in a matter of weeks. This is a genuine soul-cruncher, because applications --- even the simple one that I am proposing --- can get stuck in the bowels of the FCC for many months. Believe, but don't eat your heart out.

A good thing to do at this stage (while you are still waiting for your forms from the FCC) is to try and round up some money. For your 10 watt station application, you will have to show assets of some $7,000 - $10,000. If --- by some queerness in your head or your life --- you are able to come up with a legitimate solid source for some $35,000 --- you can apply for a higher power station. If you can come up with $100,000, you can make downpayment on an existing major market FM. [If you have assets like this, stop sitting there: call me at once: Area Code 408, 354-6622!]

but assuming that you are poor like the rest of us, you will have to come up with at least several thousand dollars in negotiable funds or equity. This means that you will have to talk your friends and family or directors into offering you --- on paper--- so many dollars based on the premise that your organization will be granted a construction permit by the FCC. These can be in the form of equity in car or house (which will have to be discounted 30 or 40% for being illiquid) or in the form of stocks, bonds, or savings account. There is nothing in the FCC rules that demands you use these

assets to build your station. But you have to prove that at least you can lay your hands on that amount of money when and if they grant you a construction permit.

Whatever you do, don't go Foundation hunting. This is the latest in the continuing series of American Dreams: and like most, is a cruel and vile delusion. Foundation people spend most of their days granting monies to their friends on other foundations. They are cold and unfeeling to most of us who pound on their doors. They are elitist ---and seem to spend their days plotting non-controversial projects to fund. I spent some two weeks in New York in 1966 --- trying to get some money for KRAB to boost its power. The most sordid experience was a half-hour with a worm-eaten witch who was hired to say no for the Rockefeller Foundation. I remember sitting on the 49th Floor of the Time-Life Building, wondering about her dismal personality, and thinking of the dozens of radio stations I could be running with the money they squander every month on their hot-shot offices. Money tends to isolate, and excess amounts of money can turn genuine philanthropy into a form of leprosy called fuck-you-ism.

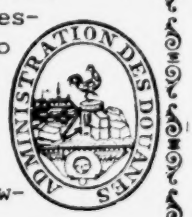
There are a few good, honest, and caring funding groups in this country. The Carnegie Foundation will be honest with you if you write or visit their offices in New York. The Stern Family Fund (through The Citizen's Communication Bureau in Washington DC) has done more for good radio than a thousand dimwitted grants by the Ford Foundation for 'studies.' The madmen at Fuller and Associates in San Francisco are actively interested in funding low power broadcasting stations which will be owned and operated solely by Blacks, Chicanoes, American Indians, unwilling draftees, and other minorities. But the demands on these three organizations are tremendous --- and they can only really offer some seed

money to deserving groups after a large and complicated winnowing process.

For gods sakes, if you know someone on the board of directors of some turd foundation use him. Elsewise, your chances of getting professional funding for something as vital and important as free speech radio communication are very, very slight.

When you finally get the copies of the Form 340 from the FCC, you will see that you are required to have a non-profit corporation as the actual licensee of the radio station. This corporation should comply with IRS and FCC requirements; eg, that it will be solely involved in not-for-profit activities, and that the directors will not over compensate themselves. Another is that the organization will not indulge in any activity designed to affect legislation directly, or elect one single individual to public office. Finally, they require that in the event of the dissolution or winding up of the corporation, its assets (if any) will be turned over to another non-profit corporation with essentially the same goals.

You will need a lawyer to help you with this whole project. Now, you and I know that there are a great number of attorneys who are money-grubbing twinks --- who work for giant firms, and pretend their honesty away. And then there are others who have chosen to be generous with small, inexperienced groups such as your own who want to do something meaningful with their lives. It will be *greatly* helpful if you can find such a good lawyer to work with you --- in all phases of your operation. Someone who will give you the benefit of his training, and not charge your ass for it.



For instance, most lawyers will charge $500 - $1,000 to incorporate your group as a non profit corporation, and even more to move you towards the tax-exemption status you would like to have after you go on the air. But, there are a few attorneys who will do all this for no more than the cost of filing your forms with the state. For most of our applications, we have spent no more than $50 - $75 to set up the corporation.

In addition, you want to encourage this lawyer to join your board and work with the others in helping you to get the station on the air. These guys have seen all the sordid side of the money-grub world, and --- if they are at all sensitive --- might well appreciate your not-for-profit mentality. I know of one who claims that when he is not doing free work for our radio station, he is busy dispossessing widows and orphans from houses with unpaid mortgages.

Sometimes, you have to go to groups such as the ACLU, the American Friends Service Committee, or your friendly local radical group to see if they have an involved lawyer. It is worthwhile to be cautious in your search: you need more of a maverick rather than a politically committed madman.

When you go to incorporate, may I suggest you avoid flag-waving names. You should be modest, even a bit of a shuck, in naming your organization. "The Right-On Foundation," "Shove-it-to-Faschists, Inc.," or "The Pigs-Against-The-Wall Society" may be scenic and funny to you, but they will hardly help you to obtain a permit from the federal govern-

ment which is understandably sensitive to these aspects of community life. When we set up TRAB in Seattle, we named the corporation The Jack Straw Memorial Foundation (vide, *The Nonne's Priest's Tale* by Chaucer). KDNA in St. Louis is owned by The Parent Corporation, and the new station KUSP is owned by The 'Pataphysical Broadcasting Foundation, Inc. ('Pataphysical is to metaphysics as metaphysics is to physics. That's the way that David Freedman explains it to me, but he might be crackers.)

Your corporation Foundation organization will need a board of directors. Seven or nine is usually the best size. If you have less, your meetings will turn into orgies, and with eleven or thirteen, you will have to explain everything to all the late-comers --- and spend hours on the telephone just keeping them informed.

Don't look for bullshit 'community leaders' to be on your board. They will never come to your meetings, and if they do, they will probably fall asleep or dominate the whole thing with their foolish pride. What you need is a working board --- not window dressing, because the FCC for one doesn't give a goddamn what hot-shot leaders you have on your corporate letterhead. All they are interested in is their citizenship, where they were born, and whether they have been accused of monopoly practices.

You should try to get people who are compatible with your desire to do good radio. A lawyer, a school-teacher, some students, some people who have learned the aesthetic of good living. People who are interested enough to come to your meetings regularly, who will help you in any way they can to

put on a good operation.

Actually, you can even get a boost to your application by having a strong, no-nonsense, sexually and socially and racially integrated group of intense and devoted people --- no matter what their age, no matter what they look like. You should like them all: after all, you should be meeting with them every week while you are putting your application together, and you should meet with them at least monthly after you have your permit. We always brought a gallon of wretched red wine to the monthly board meetings of Jack Straw --- which meant that they would never last for more than 2-1/2 to 3 hours as everybody would be soused and all ready to go home by that time. Board meetings can be great if the people you are working with have actual power, but are sufficiently separated from the day-to-day operation of the station to have some sort of kindly overview, a 'benign eye of reason.'

I would like to suggest that you pointedly avoid putting political or social or religious fanatics on your board. Their loyalties may obfuscate their vision --- and they might want to use the station for their own form of preaching. How can I explain to you that there is a specific type of person you need: slightly anarchistic, highly cerebral, cosmically gentle; such a soul is perfect for you and your organization.

You should --- by all means --- find out if the people you are getting on your board will cause you any trouble further down the line. Ask them if there are any problems of citizenship, or past activities, or moral

turpitude [whatever in Gods name that may be]; then find out from an FCC attorney if there will be difficulties. Still, the FCC ain't too choosey about who they will let be involved in the ownership and management of broadcast properties. If you don't believe me, you should check into the personalities, past business practices, and ethics of owners of all the radio and television stations in your area. If the Commission chose to look into the honesty and generosity of your friendly local radio magnate, they would be tied up in the whole steamy mess for eternity, and wouldn't have time to make trouble for you and your gentle proposal.

There are a couple of FCC lawyers (those who are in private practice, but who practice principally before the Commission) who are honest, and who will not send you to penury as they help you with your application process. Try to get someone like this when it comes for you to file your Form 340. If you have no contacts in Washington D.C., I could suggest some --- or you might make contact with Al Kramer at the Citizen's Communications Center. FCC attorneys are like Vaseline. You can do what you have to do without them; but there are periods of extreme dryness when they can be a powerful help. Some, however, I must warn you, are more like sand.

Let's assume that you have received your ten #340 forms from the FCC. As you look them over, you will note that there is an extraordinary amount of what we politely call 'bullshit' required. And you may well wonder why --- given the large gross of yawn questions --- there are so many nitwits and dewlaps broadcasting over our air.

The answer is that you should view this questionnaire --- as you should view the whole FCC --- as nothing more than a random obstacle

course, set up to discourage none but the most greedy (or the most crazy) from their goal. You see now the secret of modern bureaucracy. If quality of broadcast could be achieved through volume of paperwork, then American radio and television would best the greatest in the world, like the BBC or the CBC.

Alas, it ain't so. The FCC Form 340 --- like all the forms of that strange body --- are exercises in unreality; tests of your patience with the bureaucratic mentality. As long as you treat these forms as a subtle type of torture, created to test your willingness to put up with damn near any indignity and foolishness --- then you should do well, and get your station on the air in short order.

One extremely important thing: make your application as straight *and* non-deviant *as possible. Put your head in the head of the government official who will be reading your Form 340, your answers to questions of financial ability, your suggested programming, your 15 exhibits.*

Do you think that bureaucrat wants to read any jokes, any Existential philosophy? Do you think he wants a good boff --- or maybe wants an intimate sketch of the realities of the theories of Bakunin? Fat chance. That guy wants something that he can skim with his eyes, something that will not bother his mind (and more importantly, his bosses' minds --- or what's left of them --- in the slightest). He wants an application which conforms to all those other forms he has been reading for the last 17 years. He doesn't want anything tricky, or funny, or *different*. *GET IT?* Please. If not, give up. Now. You'll never have a

station. Believe me, I tried. I put a collection of very clever and witty and brilliant statements in an application I filed with the FCC for a Washington DC educational station back in 1959. Would you believe that I am still waiting for them to act on that particular application?

I am now going to give you a super-secret on how to do your form 340. This secret is worth somewhere between $2000 and $4000 ---and I am going to give it to you for $2. Sometimes I am so generous that I can't look at myself in the mirror without crying, and wondering about my motives. Which are something else again --- let me tell you.

THE BIG SECRET ON FILLING OUT FORM 340

Every radio and television station in the United States is required to keep a public file. In this public file they keep their applications to the FCC --- along with important changes, and communications with that body.

This Public File is available to anyone, anyone (even you) who goes by any radio station between 9 AM and 5 PM, Monday through Friday. All you have to do is to give that station your name and address (no further identification needed) and tell them you want to see their public file. Of course, when you do this, you will be tramping on the natural paranoia of all businessmen (even educational broadcasters paranoia) which is to deny their 'private' information to the general public. Therefore, expect --- when you ask for this file --- to be given the A #1 golden fuck-a-duck runaround. I mean!

They will tell you that they don't have to show you the Public File unless you state what organization you are with. That's a lie. They will state that their public file is at their lawyer's office, and he is located in Washington, D.C. You can then cite the law to them: which is that all stations in the country --- both educational and not --- must maintain a file for the public. And that's you. And you are entitled to see it. And if they continue to hide it from you, you will write the FCC and raise hell. Which you can.

I tell you all this not so you can exercise your ability to scare your friendly local broadcaster --- but so you can fill out your Form 340 in the easiest and most economical fashion. And the way to do that is to go look at one which has already been filled out, and which worked: thus, you want to go to a station which has filled out a Form 340 (thus, it will be a local educational broadcaster), filed it with the FCC, and gotten a permit to broadcast as a result.

So pick out some educational FM broadcaster in your area, and pop over and go through his public file. Take notes. See how he answered some of those silly FCC questions. See how he did his engineering. See how he set up his programming. See how he promised the world to the FCC --- and then ended up (as you can hear) pouring out dark-grey bilge educational kill-the-mind-dead radio --- a radio which is as tragic a loss to the medium of ideas as all the commercial crap.

One further point: try to pick an educational FM broadcast station which has gone on the air in the last five years. The reason for this is that the Form 340 has evolved(more complicated)

and there may be some parts of those filed in 1960 which are a bit archaic, which may be misleading to you.

If you live in a part of the country which does not have an educational FM station at all, give up. Join the army. It probably means that no-one in your area has an FM set to listen to you. Which may not be a bad thing at all. Once when the FCC had died on one of my applications (they don't refuse to grant controversial applications: they just die on them. Lose them behind the drawer of some file cabinet. When you write them, ask them what has happened, you get back a blank letter stating that they are 'working on' your request. This is called the reality of bureaucratic cruelty.)

Anyway, my application was lost in the bowels of the FCC, and I thought of just picking up an Army surplus transmitter and going into the Okefenokee swamp and broadcasting to the coral snakes and alligators. At that time (late Joe McCarthy years in our nation's capital) it seemed it might be a mite more friendly.

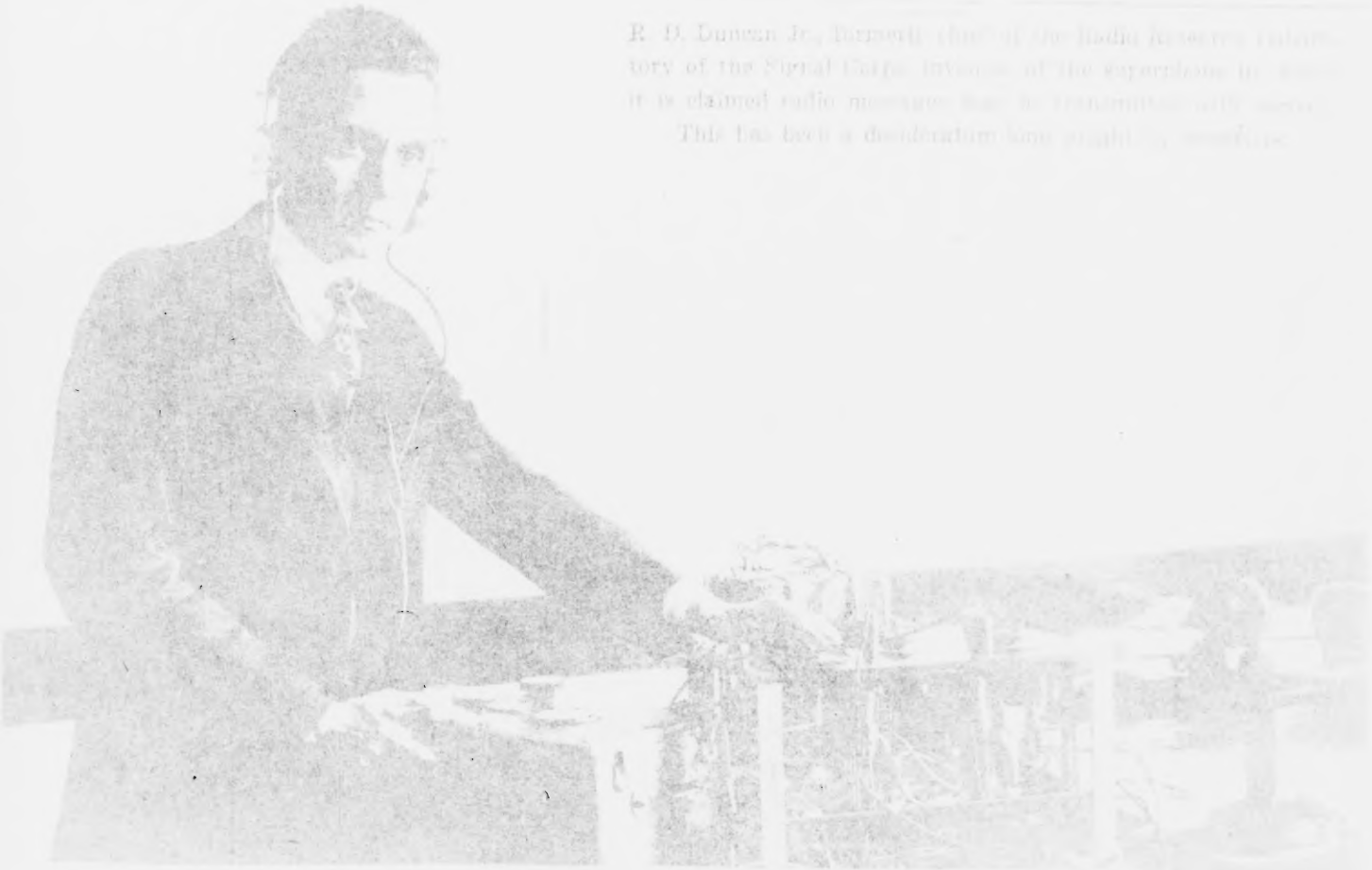
When you go to raid your local educational broadcaster's application for your own, don't just copy it slavishly --- please. Use some originality. Be honest if you have planned some non-controversial programs. Emphasize your educational programs. If you are going for only 10 watts, remember there are parts of the part called V-2 which you don't have to fill out. There are other differences which will show up between you and some School District...especially in the realm of funds available, and organization of your corporation.

MILNE WING SCHOOL

But in general you are learning with this copying act a central part of law: that is, to do something right for the government, go back to previous filings. Find the successful ones. Find how they did it. Obviously --- if they got their application through the threshing machine, then it was done right. Try to do yours generally the same way.

Besides a showing of money, the most important part of the Form 340 is the showing of a definite place to put your antenna and transmitter. Your friend the engineer may be able to hook you up with a local broadcaster who will let you perch on his tower. You want to go to UHF television stations in your area first. They usually have the tallest towers --- and are most willing to permit you to lease space from them, because they need the money the most. Next, you should approach your local VHF television or FM stations to share space.

In all cases, you should be willing to pay $50 or $100 a month rental for the chance to use their tower. You should explain to the station owner (or engineer) that you are not a competing application, that you are just looking for a place to put a low power station, that your antenna will not impose a large wind-load factor on his structure --- in general, that you will cause him as little trouble as possible. If he sees it as an easy way to get a bit more revenue into his operation, he will probably allow you to specify his tower. And it is important to remember that the FCC actively encourages 'antenna farms' --- where most of the FM and TV stations can operate their transmitting apparatuses



from causing the least amount of interference with other non-broadcast services. A broadcaster should not give you a flat no on space sharing without a good reason.

If you can't find a tower, then look for a good tall building in your town. Remember that FM is line-of-sight --- and that means that what you can see (outside of fog and smog) is what you can hear. If you go up to one of your tall buildings, and can see far enough to encompass your town, and a couple extra besides --- then you should try to get permission from that building to use their facilities. Remember --- when these managers start asking you hard questions (how much does the antenna weigh? what does it look like?) you can get acres of free help and plenty of free (and expensive) catalogues from your area Gates, Collins, or RCA sales representative. He is paid to try to sell new transmitting equipment --- and might even give you a free lunch while he is trying to sell you. You can broach the subject of cheapo equipment (used) after you have eaten --- for all of these companies carry second hand equipment that they have taken in on trade from rich broadcasters. I would try to avoid buying equipment which is more than 10 years old. It sounds all antique and funky to have a Western Electric transmitter built in 1947 --- but I can tell you those things are murder to get running, and worse to keep running. The same, especially ---for tape recorders, turntables and the like.

But please understand that sometimes this is all you can get. And, often, you can get some equipment donated by one of your local broadcasters after you have a construction permit. Anything that's an antique, which is ruining the good will of their engineering

staff, and which they can take as some sort of a write off, they will give away. If you can reach the right person. If he likes you. If he is in a good mood.

There are some companies which specialize in used equipment. Maze Corporation of Birmingham, Alabama is one. Another is Richard R Haskey Inc of Ventura, California. But please, remember --- promise to buy NOTHING until you hold a construction permit from the FCC. It's just too sad, otherwise. All that nice equipment. With no place to go.

One last thing about transmitter locations. If worse comes to worse, you can try to locate a hill outside of town where you can put your operation --- with remote lines and such to your actual studio location. This can be El Paino #1, however. If you take a virgin hill, which looks over everybody and his brother, remember you have to have the permission of the landlord, you have to bring in your own power line, you have to bring in telephone lines (for your remote equipment --- which in itself is a nightmare), and you have to set up your transmitter in a bunker so that curious idlers won't take the whole thing home with them one day: bunkers, concrete-&-broken glass fences, land mines. You think I am kidding --- but hikers and other country people can render your remote transmitting apparatus to nothing but broken shards and a few pieces of beaverboard. Pardon my paranoia --- but some of us saw the bombing of KPFT --- Pacifica's station in Houston --- as a scarey message from the future. As our lives and equipment get to be more complicated --- it becomes easier for one individual to fuck us up. The disjointing process of a single individual with a single gun would have been impossible be-

30

fore the invention of the jet. And the disruption possible through one fool willing to embark on his own brand of vigilante law --- as in Houston --- becomes more possible as we invent machinery to survive away from daily engineer care&loving (which is the case with the present state-of-the-art which is remote pickup and transmitter operation.)

Speaking of mountains --- there is another person in your community who is a goldmine of lore on remote transmitter and receiver complexes. He is a man who works (probably) for or with the city or county government. His department is called something like land-mobile-radio, or 'communications.' He is paid to know the availability of every mountain top or building top location in your area. He may be your local Motorola Mobile sales representative. He may work in some obscure part of the county government. Everyone recognizes him as the authority on point-to-point and point-to-mobile-unit communications. He knows every high point within 50 miles. He has personally travelled up to and through some of the most impassible heights in the country. He is a quiet expert. Most of the city or county government doesn't even know who he is, or how important he is for their communications machinery. Find out who he is. Go talk with him. He probably likes his job. He probably loves talking with strangers --- like you --- and impressing you with his knowledge. Let him. He might even find a place for your transmitter. Rent-free. He just might have one of them onions up his sleeve.

Transmitter location. As soon as you have that taken care of, you will have to go to work on 'the engineering' portion of your application. You will need maps. Find out the closest office of the U.S.Coast and

Geodetic Survey (it's part of the Commerce Department). Find out where you can buy 7-1/2 maps, and Sectional Aeronautical Charts. By the way, these maps --- cheap and beautiful --- make superb wall hangings. You can rubber-cement eight or ten of them together, filling up a whole wall for about $10. We think of this as the subtle bureaucratic art which makes up for all the other sins of government.

You will need maps for the Section V-G of your application which will show nearest airfields. Call up one of your local airports ---preferably one of the smaller community airports---and ask where you can obtain the official FAA maps. You can also use the FAA landing chart for that airport if it is close enough to your proposed transmitter location. In all these, you will have to determine your exact latitude and longitude. This is done by finding the exact location of your site on the 7-1/2 map, and by means of rulers and such, figuring out the degrees, minutes, and seconds from the margins. I think you can figure it out for yourself without me giving you a dumb lesson in Topology, eh?

As I look over the things I have written to help you with this project, I think I may have been giving you too much of a scare about the FCC. Remember this about them: 1] They don't care about you; 2] They have heard your story before; 3] They don't care about you; 4] Influence means little to them; 5] You mean more work for them; 6] They don't care about you, *at all*. However, *however:* if you submit a clean, respectable application, and pray fervently to The Great Aether God --- you may well get a permit to go on the air. They aren't out to help you, but they do recognize that they have a

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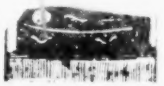
...ich to do. So if [illegible] and [illegible] listens, then they'll get tired of saying *won't-have-it won't-have-it won't-have-it* to some miserable child and will grant [illegible] permission to do the thing that you wanted to do all along: that is, to broadcast, to transmit the sounds of generation across the [illegible] of our ages. For ever they can get tired of saying NO, and one sweet day you have found the secret to getting your chance to play your fingers down the timbrels of the Aether, to make some dramatic, unearthly music, to create a new community of feeling, thinking individuals; and to create words and ideas and musics which have never been made available to that community before: all those feelings of love and bitterness and rage and beauty. You, with this giant palette called a frequency. And it just waiting there until you and your friends come along with songs and poems and statements and shrieks and howls and words and feelings to transmit to all the hungry ears, all around you. They, and you, could ask no less.

FIG 11 (A&B)
Saul and Rowena Triode, the so-called Mom 'n' Pop of Pop Radio. Friends to Sarnoff, Fessenden, and RCA Victor's Dog, this triode duo made the Sporadic E-Layer respectable, if not common.

REFERENCES



The worst and the best of the trade magazines is Broadcasting. The weekly issue contains at the back all the small print decisions of the FCC --- grants, applications, hearings, station sales (along with prices), and major FCC policy decisions.

However, you have to wade through all manner of churlish, 19th Century Robber Baron editorials, catatonic attacks on Nicholas Johnson, and the most appalling sort of name-calling on anyone who is working to better American garbage radio. If you can handle all that, you should subscribe: most especially, for your purposes, for the used equipment for sale section, and occasional honest and well-written 'special reports' (which, we gather, are slipped past Sol Taishoff, The Greed King, after hours.) Subscriptions are $14 a year, and should be addressed to 1735 De-Sales St, NW, Washington DC 20036. Their subscription department is about as archaic as their economic view of American radio and television --- so you can expect to wait up to 6 weeks for your subscription to be processed.

Broadcasting also issues a Yearbook, which is supposed to come out in January, and manages to make it around April or so of each year. It costs $14.50 --- and is a goldmine of information about every radio and television station in the US, when it went on the air, its power, its ownership, its management, its programming. As well, there is a summary of FCC rules, lists of agencies, group owners, and a general plethora of necessary information.

Be cautious, though. By the time the Yearbook gets to you, the information is six months to a year out of date. Furthermore it is one of the most poorly proofread information manuals around --- because facts about stations (power, antenna heights, directional patterns, hours of operation) are often wildly at variance with the official FCC figures.

If you do want official FCC documents, you can subscribe to a service which, for $20 a month, will give you a daily summary of events within that august and ponderous body. In addition, there is a print-out reproduction of the official FCC list of all proposed FM stations, and all those holding construction permits, and on the air. It is available from Cooper-Trent, at 1130-19th Street, Northwest, Washington DC. It lists station, frequency, power, height, and coordinates on the transmitter. All important information. But nothing is perfect, you know, love: their computer dinghat gets stuck every few pages, and spews out 30 exact repeat listings on one station. But it's the most accurate list for your purposes.

There are two other magazines which you can get for free, which contain useful information and some interesting ads --- BM/E, 820 2nd Avenue, New York City 10017; and Broadcast Engineering, 1014 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo., 64105. Both are available for free if you print up some fancy stationery and convince them that you are an honorable member of the broadcast industry.

As a result of the first edition of Sex & Broadcasting, Robert Harris has put together an Alternative Radio Exchange, a monthly newsletter devoted

to exchanges of correspondence with those of us trying to do something real with radio. It is available from

Box 852
Felton, CA 95018

It costs $10 a year, or $5 with no frills.

Most broadcasting people seem to think that it is vital to subscribe to Billboard and Variety. Bless me if I can figure out why: both seem dedicated to furthering the shuck aspect of communications, and the style in which they are written is strictly flapper stuff.

LAWYERS AND ENGINEERS

Broadcasting Yearbook lists all the attorneys who practice before the FCC. It is good to have a good one, if you get one at all. Two righteous people who will help you, or at least recommend someone else good, are Tracy Westen at the Stern Community Law Firm (2005 "L" Street, NW, Washington DC 20036), and Al Kramer --- the terror of commercial radio ghouls --- at Citizens' Communications Center (1812 "N" Street, NW, Washington, DC, 20036). As well, I know a couple of good straight ones if you are into that bag.

Broadcasting also lists engineers who can practice before the FCC. Most of them are meatheads --- Eichmann types who will work for any aether-waster who comes down the pike, and try to charge you just as much as him. But if you get in a pickle with the Section V of your form, or in an unusual frequency situation, or in a place where there might be some overlap with another 1 mV/m curve, then you will need someone in that field. Once

again, I know two who could be of some use to you, but they will have to charge you. At least they won't overcharge you.

EQUIPMENT (NEW AND USED)

They don't advertise it too much, but each of the major broadcast equipment makers carry a large stock of reliable, used, and reconditioned (and often good) transmitters, antennas, consoles, turntables, michrophones, and the like. Further, they will regale you with countless free catalogues if they think you might buy any new stuff. The major ones are Andrew Corporation, 10500 West 153rd, Orland Park, Ill. 60462; CCA Electronics, 716 Jersey Avenue, Gloucester City, N.J.; Gates Radio Corporation, 123 Hampshire Street, Quincy, Ill., 62301; Jampro Antennas, 6939 Power Inn Rd., Sacramento, California 95828; RCA, Broadcast Systems, Building 15-5, Camden, N.J. 08102; Collins Radio Corp., Dallas, Texas 75207.

Andrew and Jampro are about equal when it comes to new antennas; CCA is rumored to have superb FM transmitters --- but they are sort of downtown pushy types. Gates are The Dodge Rebellion Boys of the broadcast world --- but they might give you a free lunch; RCA is all fucked up: their equipment can be the best or the worst, but because they are such a monster corporation, they'll always get at least one thing wrong with your order, or the billing (sometimes this can be to your advantage); but the best of all to deal with, and with quite adequate equipment, is Collins. Of all these engineering types, their people seem a bit human, anyway. Whoever you buy the equipment from, if you are buying new equipment, try to get them to give you a 3 - 5 year payout. It's the American Way. But don't let them fool you

with their 'add-on' vs. 'straight' interest gibberish.

For used equipment, try Boynton Studios (see Ben Dawson's essay further on in this book), Maze, or R R Haskey's, 267 South Laurel St., Ventura, California. Remember, though --- old equipment can drive you crackers: even if you pride yourself on your creative engineering ability. If you can possibly roust up the money, or get an extended payout from the manufacturer, we have found that you are most often better off with new equipment.

SYMPATHETIC BROADCASTERS

There are a few honest broadcasters in the United States, and the smaller of these will often do everything they can to encourage you to get on the air with your own station ---if they are convinced that you will be doing a true community, non-commercial, listener-oriented outlet. There are two people at Pacifica Foundation (which holds KPFA, Berkeley, KPFK, Los Angeles, KPFT, Houston, and WBAI, New York) who are a gold-mine of information on running larger, listener-supported stations. One is Vera Hopkins---the other is Hallock Hoffman. You can write them both at 2207 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California, 94704.

Other stations to reach if they are near you (worth visiting, if you want to get some feel for the absolute piss-poor working conditions of real community radio) are:

KRAB
9029 Roosevelt NE
Seattle, Washington 98115

KBOO
3129 SE Belmont
Portland, Oregon 97214

KDNA
4285 Olive Street
St Louis, Mo 63108

KPOO
1181 Church Street
San Francisco 94114

KUSP
%The Immediate Family
1025 Laurel Street
Santa Cruz, Calif.

KDIC
Grinnell College
Grinnell, Iowa 50112

WYSO
Antioch Student Union
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

WYBC
Yale University
New Haven, Conn. 06520

There might be others, but I haven't heard of them yet. I tend to distrust the so-called underground stations. They can be so groovy for awhile, until the piggy boss moves in and fires everyone. They can change their programming like the wind to get rid of dissidents. Until they get to the reality of allowing their on-the-air people to participate in some of the fabulous profits made by the owners, I think you can safely ignore them (and any information they might give you on being a 'community' radio station.)

PROGRAMMING SOURCES

I told you that I thought it was ridiculous to think about all the great programs you are going to do until you get your official Construction Permit from the FCC.

However, during that long boring time between the filing of your material, and the grant of the CP --- you might begin to make contacts with some services which can provide you with a strong talk and music section of your library --- and which can be a source of inspiration for your local live origination programs.

All of the radio stations I have listed above have some sort of tape source - tape exchange program. The Pacifica tape library at 2207 Shattuck Avenue in Berkeley is the most comprehensive, and the most carefully put together --- but their prices are murder, especially for a small, poverty-stricken operation like yours. The KRAB Nebulae stations (KRAB-KBOO-KTAO-KDNA-WYSO) simply send good tapes in apparently random order to each other --- but they seem reluctant to get any strange stations involved which might lose their tapes.

The secret of course is for you to get to know someone at one of these stations and have them pirate tapes for you when no-one is looking. Really: this is the best way for you to assure yourself a continual flow of quality talk programs.

Radio Free People at 160 Prospect in Brooklyn NY (11238) has a small, growing catalogue of radical material --- some of which is a little heavy. But they do strive to make this available to all those who want to use them for any purpose (no copyright) at a minimum charge. Another weirdo group is something called Zero Bull Shit (honest: ZBS Media) at R.D.#1, Fort Edward, N.Y. 12828. I think (but am not quite sure) that they are to contemporary recorded material what the Ashcan School was to American art in the 20s. I may

40 be wrong.

Record manufacturers will sell, for $1 each, any records in their current catalogue to bona fide officially licensed radio stations, or those which hold construction permits from the FCC. The price varies --- some charge more, some less: but you are going to get records cheaper than even the local distributors get them. And this is a superb chance to get a meaningful, rich collection of ethnic and folk music for your proposed outlet.

You will need an address for each of the record companies, and by far the most comprehensive listing is Billboard's "International Buyer's Guide" which is issued each September. The address is 9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069. You won't (I won't, none of us can) believe the rich variety of record companies who are producing discs --- anywhere from RCA down to some dibbly little things with a total catalogue of two records. You might do well to print up a general letter, and send it to all the record companies listed there, asking for free new releases, and for their price for older selections in their list. I would personally like to suggest these manufacturers as a must for outre, rich, subtle, sometimes rare and unknown material:

Ansonia	Orfeon	Ocora
Telefunken	Folk Lyric	Folkways
Monitor	Argo	World Pacific
Historical	Arhoolie	Seraphim
County	UNESCO	Biograph
BAM	Maype	Argo
Request	DGG-Archive	Oiseau-Lyre
Topic	Odeon	Regal

The last three --- and some others --- are handled by Peters International of New York. They have some of the finest discs in the world, and deserve your especial

attention.

Some other important American companies are **Vanguard, Decca, Takoma, Nonesuch-Elektra, Angel, Vox, Columbia --- but you know about them already.**

There are some international broadcasters who will be superbly generous, and who will send you records and tapes at no cost. A few of these are outright boring propaganda programs --- you will be able to recognize these easily enough, and at least you can erase the tapes and use them for your own purposes (which is, by the way, what we do with all the bullshit religious rant-and-rave tapes that we get into KTAO). The international broadcasters who have the best quality programs are

The Canadian Broadcasting Corp.
NHK (Radio Japan)
The South African Broadcasting Corporation
Radio Moscow
The New Zealand Broadcast Corp.
Radio Australia
East German Radio
The Netherlands Broadcasting Service
Rumanian Radio

As well, the British Broadcasting Corporation has some superb discs which they used to sell us for $2.50 each --- but economic fears made them put these in the hands of some dildo American distributor --- and the last time I heard, they were costing up to $25 a program.

There are two services which specialize in distributing international programs. One, The North American Broadcasting Corp at 8900 Bohemian Highway, Monte Rio, Calif.

most any other country in the world --- has more broadcast outlets, and less official (government) restraint and requirements on who can reach the microphone. So that you and I are being falsely discouraged; being discouraged from thinking that the aether is our own.

This is so evil. A radio station should be the place in the community for concerned and talented and plain-home-folk individuals to have a chance to express themselves. In the place you live right now, there are hundreds of secret talents: there is someone who collects (and loves) old jazz, there are politically aware people --- who can speak to reality, and raise so many consciousnesses in the process. There are readers --- who can do fine 30 or 40 minute readings from novels or plays or poetry or children's books.

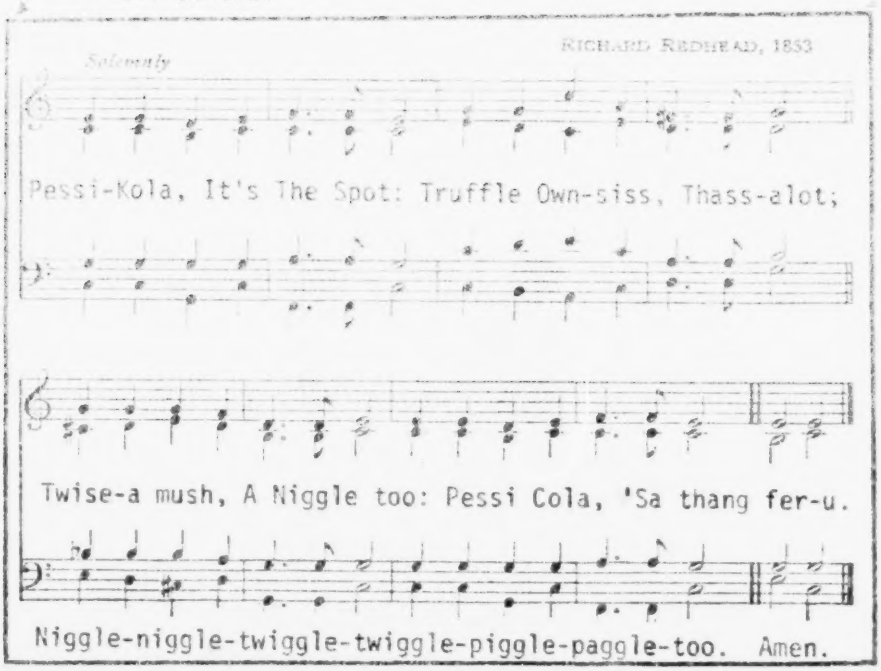
There are individuals, walking down the street right now, right there: live, loving people who can play the guitar or the kazoo or the harp --- people who would be delighted to know that there is one door to the aether which is open and free to them: a door to all the hungry minds and souls of so many people who will, at last, know (through your station) that they are not alone.

You can end that mystique. The forbidding wall that American commercial broadcasters --- and their in-school counterparts --- have built against the rest of the world. You have the chance to destroy the cruel walls built by the media barons to keep out the dispossessed, the thoughtful, the wondering. Your frequency can be the one place in your community of men where the angry, and the frustrated, and the knowing

and the creative and the perceptive and the hopeless and the lost: the one place that they can know that they are free to speak their piece --- without censorship, without fear, without cost.

You will then give them the secret --- which is really no secret at all: that is: the radio station owners and the schools and colleges are not the priests and magicians who control the voices of 10,000 American transmitters, but rather, just a frail ghost which we are programmed to think has the right and the duty to keep us out.

And you and I know, thus, that the door can and should be opened to all who care and who want to be heard. This is the secret --- this is our secret: the one that I am trying so hard to share with you. Please, let us share it with all the others.


RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853
Solemnly
Pessi-Kola, It's The Spot: Truffle Own-siss, Thass-alot;
Twise-a mush, A Niggle too: Pessi Cola, 'Sa thang fer-u.
Niggle-niggle-twiggle-twiggle-piggle-paggle-too. Amen.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE CONSTRUCTION PERMIT ARRIVES

by

Benjamin Franklin Dawson

Chief Director of Engineering for

The Jack Straw Memorial Foundation

Stations

In your application for the Construction Permit, you had to demonstrate financing adequate to construct the station and operate it for one year. My purpose here is to tell you how to construct it as cheaply as possible, so that any capital you have can be conserved for unseen emergencies, the maximum possible program and production facilities, and paying that $175 a year city tax on radio stations that your city has but you didn't know about until you went to apply for a zoning variance to put your transmitter up on Mount Teton along with everybody elses (paying it while your board member attorney fights with the city attorney's office about your being an exception to the rule since you are an educational organization.)

I will assume that your application and CP are for ten watts. Later on, I will point out some specifics which apply to higher power stations only. Most of the material about ten watt stations applies to those of higher power.

You will have specified several items in the

4 application you filed for the construction permit
6 which can be changed without prior notice to the FCC. One of these is the type of the transmitter. You can install and use any *Type Approved*[4] transmitter, provided you list this in the Form 341 (application for license, filed when you are ready to go on the air.) However, for a home-made transmitter, you must get prior approval (on Form 340) before installation. The part you answer is the question which reads: "If the above transmitter has not been accepted for licensing by the FCC attach as Exhibit No. ___ a complete showing of transmitter details. Showing should include schematic diagram and full details of frequency control. & etc." The Commission has always been willing to let a permittee use a handbuilt or a much-modified (the official jargon is "Composite") transmitter, as long as you can prove its compliance with the "standards of good engineering practice" (which you should read).

Needless to say, you cannot change the site or the height of anterna without a formal application to do so on Form 340. You may not change the antenna (type of, number of elements) or the type or the length of transmission line without filing a Form 340 application. I once got into trouble this way, and I am here to tell you that Ken Hedrick at the FCC (whose office approves your application for program test authority) will not budge---not even if you have a smooth-talking Washington lawyer---unless your installation matches your construction permit. You may change the studio location and the remote control point (if you are remote controlled) at any time up to the time you apply to the Commission for Program Test authority and, concurrently, your license to cover Construction Permit (Form 341).

Now some specifics about equipment. You can buy a brand new transmitter from a new equipment sup-

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[4]*The F.C.C. has a list of transmitters which have been approved by them. Sort of an equipment monopoly perpetuation process. (Translator's footnote).*

plier for somewhere around $2000. Better, find a used one. What you want is an 'exciter' section from a higher-powered transmitter. Among the FM stations within a hundred miles of you is likely to be one which has put in a new exciter when they went to stereo, making their old monaural exciter obsolete. You don't need stereo for a ten watt station--really don't want it at all--since it will cut down your available audience by at least 50% due to (1) multipath distortion and (2) front end nonlinearity on low signals in at least half of all commercially built receivers and even good hi fi sets. What you want is a nice old tube type mono exciter, made by Harvey, ITA, Westinghouse, Western Electric, RCA, Gates, REL, GEL, Raytheon, or Standard Electronics.

You DO NOT want one made by Collins, Federal, or GE, since they depend for their operation on a funny tube (type 2K21) made by GE called a Phrasetron, which is no longer available for less than hundreds of dollars.* I have sitting in my office a beautiful GE exciter which works flawlessly, but alas, have no good phasetron tube for it. If you have a resident electronic genius in your organization, you can make a transistor and IC substitute for a phasetron, but you'd be just as well off to build a whole 10 watt transmitter from scratch. If you cannot find a local source for a transmitter, resort to the used equipment list put out by Gates or RCA. There are also a couple of used equipment dealers who occasionally have gear of this sort: Boynton Studio, Scarsdale, NY; Maze Corp., Birmingham, Ala., and Broadcast Equipment Sales, Bristol, W. Va. Boynton is heavy on Audio gear, Maze somewhat so, and B.E.S. deals mostly with people who are parts hunting (like, filament transformers for a 1933 Western Electric AM transmitter). Boynton gives you a salvation

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Since they stopped making it, they jack up the price on their stock of old ones every year. This is called creative capitalism. (Translator's footnote)

message with his periodic list that is best ignored if you have a weak stomach. Diligent searching will usually turn up a useable exciter/transmitter for $300 or less (I just bought a nice vintage RCA the other day for $100). You can always get one for 6 or 7 hundred from one of the dealers/manufacturers. If you have all the money in the world then buy a new one.

Of the new ones I recommend the Collins as I have had good luck with them. The RCA (actually made by Mosely) is good but overcomplicated. Wilkinson (Landsdowne, Pa., or somewhere around there) makes one with incredible specifications but I have never seen one. KDNA has a CCA that Jeremy says is ok,* but I have had a lot of trouble with one of their AM transmitters, and wouldn't buy a silver dollar for 50 cents cash from them. Bauer and Gates seem to work. All are godawful mothering expensive when bought new. Collins has the best customer service.

Your transmitter needs an antenna with which to work. Circular polarization is neat if you have transmitter power to burn. You don't. You want a horizontally polarized antenna. In your application, you will have shown an ERP that equals transmitter power minus line loss times antenna gain. You may have euchred space on a tall tower and want to put up a high-gain antenna. I tend to deplore this. For 10 watt stations, if your frequency assignment will allow it, a 4 bay antenna is about right. You will need at least 50 feet of tower space for this much antenna, and if you have less space than that, you will have to use a smaller number of antenna bays. Specify in your application that you are going to use a Jampro Multi+V antenna. Jampro says that they will sell used bays for around a hundred dollars each. They will even tune them up for you, and if you don't have any idea how to do it yourself you had better have them do it. How much they

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*"CCA *FM* is *the* best transmitter . . . reliable as hell." (note from KDNA)*

charge for this is a matter for you to negotiate. You will also need a power divider if you are using more than 1 bay. Get one from Jampro, tuned for your frequency. This will set you back another couple of hundred. If you have a clever mechanically talented electron freak then he can make such a power divider. You can get by at 10 watts with a series of UHF Coax connector "T"s. Try to have your transmitter as close as possible to the antenna. Less than 20 feet if you can. If you do this, then you can use standard RG-8 coax, available everywhere cheap. If you are going to have to be 50 or more feet from the antenna, then you should invest in some 1/2 or 7/8 inch air dielectric Heliax, made by Andrew. A good source for this is Sierra Western Electric Co., in Oakland. It runs about a buck a foot, plus 15 or so at each end for connectors.

If you have a combined studio/transmitter space, skip this paragraph. The rest of you are going to have to extract the most possible out of AT&T. If your studio is at a location within a block or two of the transmitter, do your damndest to run a couple of sets of shielded twisted pair cable of your own from one to the other. Do a neat, workmanlike job and you can even (usually illegally) run pairs over streets and down alleys. If you are located in the same telephone OFFICE at both locations then order an unequalized program pair from telco. It will be run in unloaded 22 gauge cable, and if less than 2 or 3 miles long, can be equalized nicely by terminating it in 50 or 150 ohms at each end. To control your transmitter you merely simplex a DC control voltage between the pair and ground, and use a sensitive relay at the transmitter end. Check out a book on telephone and telegraph systems from the library if this sounds too confusing. If the line is longer than 3 miles, up to about 6 or 8 miles, depending on the cable gauge, you can get it out flat to 15 kc with the aid of a simple series resonant equalizer at the receiving end and low impedance terminations. Check out a book on equalizers and filters from the library. You may have to feed the line at fairly high level

(like +12 dbm) to get the signal-to-noise ratio high enough, and this may get you into trouble, but play it cool, as most local telephone repairmen will never catch you. The reason that I have gone to all this explanation is that the unequalized line will cost you $10 per month, and will transmit both your program and your control holding voltage. If your transmitter is in a different OFFICE but the same EXCHANGE then you will have to shell out $30 a month for a 15 kHz program circuit, because interoffice cable is almost always loaded unless you pay for it not to be. You will also be stuck with having to order a separate circuit for transmitter control. Try to find out from your telco special services office the rates for (1) intercom circuits (2) 30 baud telegraph circuits (3) unequalized program circuits (usually $10).

One of the first two may be under $10, in which case order it. If it is DC continuous, great. Use a simple DC control circuit. If it isn't, build a small audio oscillator and a companion detector and install them so that the presence of a 750 Hz tone on the line will hold on your transmitter. All of this presumes 10 watt operation, where all you have to do is be able to turn on (and off) the transmitter from the remote control point and monitor it off the air with a receiver. (If you are at a higher power, you will have to build or buy a remote control unit which will transmit certain transmitter meter readings back to the operator at the studio. There are some simple DC and tone telemetry methods for doing this, and I recommend that you borrow the instruction book for a commercially made unit and copy it more or less closely, with allowances for the state of the surplus electronic parts market in your locale.)

If your studio and transmitter are located in different telephone exchange areas, you are one of Job's descendants, no doubt, for you may have to pay as much as $60 a month for a 15 kHz line, and you will almost assuredly be unable to get a DC continuous circuit for remote control. At this point you should think seriously about an S T L.

An STL (for Studio Transmitter Link) is a transmitter and receiver combination for point to point operation in a tiny band from 947 to 951 mHz, with highly directional transmitting and receiving antennae. There are ways to do this fairly cheaply, but it takes a lot of UHF savvy and test gear, and a comprehensive knowledge of the surplus communications equipment market. For remote control you will probably have to use a voice grade private line telephone circuit, which costs from about $20 a month or so, and requires telemetry gear that works on frequency-shift keyed tones. It is possible to use 30 baud telegraph circuits for 10 watts, since all you have to do is turn it on and off, and they can be used for higher power installations, but someone with a good knowledge of digital control logic will have to build the remote control, and there are no commercially manufactured units for this service.

All of this by now should have clued you to try to keep your transmitter and studio in the same telephone company exchange area. Generally, rates are about the same all over the country for the kinds of services we have been talking about, but there are local anomalies, especially when independent small telephone companies are involved. If you are dealing with a small 'phone co., and you can get into their public relations guy, it is perfectly legal (now that NET and the Corp. for Public Broadcasting are in the act for big money) for telephone companies to charge you less or nothing since you are a bona-fide educational broadcaster. You will also need a standard business phone. Get one, pay the $5 external equipment fee monthly (a rape job for sure) and hook up your own extensions, telephone taps, etc. DON'T get lighted push-button key system phones. They charge too much for them.

We will now talk about audio equipment. You will need two good, low rumble turntables. Good ones are Russco, QRK, (some) RekOKut, (some) Presto. If someone has donated you a couple of old RCA monsters of the 76B variety, they will

52 do if their centre bearings are in good shape.
Buy two Shure M232 or M236 (12" or 16") tone arms. Get 16" ones only if you need to: for instance, if your turntable is 16 inch. Install Pickering PAC or PAT pickups in them. They are the cheapest and are rugged as hell, and sound better to me than any Shure. Don't use Hi Fi type turntables like the AR or Garrard. They are nice for Hi Fi's, and are lower rumble than some commercial types, but they will not last under the strain of radio station use and misuse. You will need at least two tape machines. There are a lot of tape machines in the world, and most of them won't last a week in a radio station. Even expensive ones like the Revox A77 won't hack it in a radio station. If someone gives you an old Berlant, throw it away. Trying to keep it running will give someone of your volunteer technical staff so much grief that he may commit suicide. Best are commercial service Ampexes, of the 600, 601, 602, AG600 series. Usually one of these can be bought used for from 150 to 300 dollars, depending on condition and how much its owner knows about its worth. Sometimes you can get a nice unit used by some preacher or teacher or musician that has never seen commercial service, for a hundred dollars. They are rugged as the devil, and can be rebuilt an infinite number of times when they quit. They resemble the Model T in other ways: they are mechanically rather unorthodox. You must have at least one of them, for they will keep you afloat when all else has failed. Try to have two. If not, then buy the cheapest Sony deck, like a Sony 350 and when it wears out fling it out and buy another. If you can afford an even more expensive machine, like an Ampex 350 or 351, please do so. Love it and it will love you. Also nice but rarely in good shape by now are Ampex 400's. Rare and nice are Ampex 400A's. PR10's are ok but don't pay more than $200 for one as their motors are prone to fail and new motors are $150 last time I heard. Scully 280's and Ampex AG440's cost more than $2,800 and are out of our area of discussion. Forget about all those goddamn Ampex home models,

and Panasonics. Teacs, Sony 777's Roberts' Webcors, Akai's; all of those. They are typical consumer market JUNK. You might want a Sony $100 cassette machine for out-of-the-studio interviews.

When it comes to a control board, things aren't so easy. It is nearly impossible to buy a good mixer used, as there is a big market for them. Every radio station can always use another board for recording, and the like, and so ones that are worthwhile for FM use are very scarce. One solution is to build your own. Find the schematic for a Sparta 5 channel jobbie and copy it, generally or exactly, depending on your talent for that sort of thing. If you are careful, parts for it shouldn't run you more than $150. Shure has a series of mixers and things two of which can be assembled into a passable control board for a total cost of about $300. It is the cheapest commercially made item that I know of that will suffice. Don't buy a big old tube type console because you may spend a lot to get it working correctly (noise down 60DB? Response out to 15 kHZ? Flat, really flat? Distortion down under 2%?--those are tough to make with crummy old tube type equipment that has probably never been properly maintained). Even sleazy solid state gear will give you a lot less grief. For mikes buy Electro Voice 664's and maybe a 635A or two. Good sounding, and durable enough to drive nails--no kidding; cheap too, especially if you buy them used from a local pawnshop.*

If you are going to build any of your own gear you will need some test equipment, specifically an audio oscillator and an harmonic distortion meter. Buy the kits from Heathkit and build them. My Heathkit distortion meter is just as good as any but the very latest 1500 dollar Hewlett Packards, and I have been using it for years.

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*If you have the money, John Higdon, CE at KTAO, speaks highly of the new Electro-Voice 1751. He raves about it, in fact. It costs $75. (Translator's Footnote).

Remember that you are running a non-profit non-commercial radio station, and that it is licensed to a non-profit (hopefully) tax exempt corporation. This means that if you can con anyone who has something you want into giving it to you free he is entitled to use it as a tax deduction at its fair market value. Sometimes it is tough to interest anyone in this, but every once in a while somebody will have a thing you can use that he is willing to give up on this basis. Don't be afraid to beg. Don't be afraid to poor mouth. Don't forget that the fair rental value of your transmitter or studio space can be tax deductible to your landlord if he gives it to you free. I don't know for sure how little it is possible to build a radio station for. I know a character who built a commercial station for under $10,000. I thought that was great, but I supervised the construction of KBOO, and we did that for under $4000. Both of those examples were for stations with 1000 watt transmitters. I think that a 10 watt station could be built for less than $2000 if all the contingencies went the right way. Give it a try.*

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*Benjamin Franklin Dawson III is author of the above, and loves talking about obscure facts of FCC engineering lore. You can reach him (and his ear) through KRAB, Seattle 98115.

SEX AND A TYPICAL DAY AT YOUR ATYPICAL NON-COMMERCIAL, LISTENER SUPPORTED RADIO STATION

At Señor Chencho's restaurant, the sweet plump darkeyed Mexican Mama Mias wrap their tacos in pieces of tissue paper that read HERE'S YOUR TACO and picture a barefoot, vacuous-faced Mexican *chico*, smiling under an enormous tourist-style sombrero.

"Parody," I think: "Everyone is in the business of creating parodies of themselves."

When I leave, as I get in the car, I notice a mushroom-shaped cloud rising up over Cupertino. Cars race by me, pulling at me --- a thousand stone faced drivers, insensate to the present tragedy taking place in Cupertino. "They've sent off all those damn missiles," I think, "and noone has even bothered to tell us." That's the way it ends. Neither with a bang, nor with a whimper --- but simply without notice.

At KTAO, the music shifts from Rev. Kelsey and his congregation, to music for shakuhachi, to Albert Ayler. It turns dark outside --- but rather than being a symbol for the Apocalypse, it is merely the sun. Going down, behind the smog: going down to rest for awhile.

"Why can't this town bring in some giant windmills," I think: "Set them up on the northern (or weaker) border, put them in reverse, blow all that stink back

to San Jose, and Oakland, where it belongs." What a crappy neighbor San Jose has turned out to be. Plow down an orchard a day. I keep hoping that the San Andreas Fault, in its next big burp, will put Los Gatos up somewhere scenic --- where we belong. Like next to Sausalito, say. "And it'll take San Jose and give it to San Bernadino, where it belongs," I say. David Clark starts playing some music for kobza. I can hear him in the control room, clapping along with it. He always did fancy kobza music.

The lady at the Villagers Realty calls up. "Say, Lorenzo," she says, "who *is* that person you have working for you? He came in here today and I just had to tell him to get out." I think she's from New York. I tilt the receiver away from my ear some. "I have *never* had to tell anyone to get out of my office before after all I'm in the real estate business and I don't need to tell people to get out of here but he walked right in went right back to one of the back telephones..." (I notice that all the other people in the room are listening, watching me with fascination, hearing this *voice*) "...I don't know what kind of people you have over there but who is that man I had to tell him to get out are you laughing at me Lorenzo? Is he there with you now? Are you both laughing at me?.. " (the five other people in the room gather around me and this disembodied voice)"... I don't know if you care about your image in this town but I can tell you that man is going to hurt you I don't want him coming back in here ever again are you laughing at me? Is he there listening with you are you both laughing at me?" David puts on a long Raga ---in Teen Tal. The veena twists and turns, runs up and down the room, up and down the antenna, up and down the world, up and down my spine.

I go next door to the next lounge with its pink lights and cut-glass bottles to peek from behind the mirrors --- mirrors in which I can see myself reminded three times over. The man sitting next to me has a large white bandage covering his left eye. I am sitting to his left. He one-eyes me circumspectly --- as circumspectly as he can muster. "Say, Miss," he says: "Ain't that Danny a good fellow?" He shouts to the bartender. "Say, Danny: get her a beer." I run my hand over my hair which has gotten a bit longish in the last few months. The bartender two-eyes me in black-light confusion. He draws me a beer.

"What happened?" Danny says. "It blew out on me," old One Eye says. "What's that?" Danny says, still watching me and my hairdo gravely. "Got a cornea transplant at Stanford University Hospital," he says to Danny. "Want another beer, Miss?" One Eye says to me. "No thank you," I say, *basso profundo*, slipping off the stool. "Why do I have to care for all the cornea transplants and blow-outs in the world?" I wonder. I slip Danny a dollar in the back room and tell him to buy a couple for the old geezer.

Back at the station, Geoff is doing one of his imitations on the air. He is being Ray Krass. Ray Krass talks through his nose, says 'Heh-heh' a lot. Goeff talks like Ray Krass, plays *Earth Angel* by the Penguins, *Chapel of Love* with The Dixie Cups, *Convicted* by Oscar McLollie. "Well, folks," he says (he always addresses his audience as 'folks') I paid my money and they let me be a deejay. Heh-Heh." All the telephone lines start up. Ray Krass always gets more telephone calls than the rest of us.

Bill Wade takes over. Plays the Dances from Terpsichore. Our top pop 40 of the

week. The telephone rings again. It's a girl, quite young sounding. "I'm looking at a spider," she tells me. "What sort of a spider?" I ask. "It's got nine legs," she says. "No," she says, "that's impossible." She giggles. "He has nine legs and is sitting up on my mirror, right at the top. His body is red. It's a red triangle." "Are you scared?" I ask her. "No," she says, "I'm not scared." She sounds very young. "Oh, *WOW!*" she says. She sounds very scared. "Why the fuck do I have to take care of all the cornea cases and acid heads in the world," I think.

I think about a radio station I used to work for, a long time ago, in Florida. "It was a real teakettle," I used to tell my friends. The owner was a crook --- as usual in small town radio stations on the AM band. Half of the announcers were alcoholics, the rest were twisted in some dreadful way. Your usual American commercial dream broadcast outlet.

Just to thicken the plot, the whole had been set down in a swamp. Supposed to be good for transmission --- high ground conductivity. I don't know about that, but I do know it was *very* good for the mosquitoes that lived off our rich, alcohol-laden blood. And, as well, for the skinks, 'possum, snakes, moths, bats, ghouls and vampires who habitually thrive in the southern swamp mileau. "Why in God's name am I working here?" I used to wonder as I drove another thousand-footed creature from under the toilet seat. "Why do I keep coming back to this place?"

The morning announcer was my only pal --- and only that in the morning. After noons he began work on the vodka, and by early evening he was gruesome, ready to

fight anyone. But in the morning he was a gas: a funny gentle alive person --- like most alcoholics.

Johnny had worked at most of the big radio stations, back in the 30s. He used to tell me about being on WLW, the 50,000 watt AM station. He would always say that he worked there "back when radio was radio." He always said that about radio before his own particular fall.

He did a poetry program. With appropriate organ music. From 11 to 12 every evening. The program was called *Moon River*. He would read poems of all those obscure bad poets like George Crenshaw, Mary Farner Dowley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The organ would croon love songs behind his deep rich voice. *Moon River* had hundreds of thousands of dewy-eyed listeners all over the Middle West. Johnny's mail had to be delivered by the sackful.

Then Johnny fell in love with Demon Rum. He lost the job at WLW, went on to several other stations, then to some of the smaller stations, and then to the smallest stations. Like WJVB where we worked. Transmission to the swamps was the last step in Johnny's project of total self-destruct.

Like most radio people of that sad time, Johnny had a schizophrenic vocabulary. In keeping with the drab Puritanism of the day, he would never ever (even when dreadfully soused) say anything naughty over the air. But then, when the microphone was off, he would 'let himself go' or 'become himself' or something. He had a very rare and raw collection of expletives, strung together in even rarer combinations. Johnny had a filthy tongue.

At 11:45 each morning, at the end of

his five hour program, Johnny would resuscitate *Moon River*. O the setting was different. There were bugs and snakes and a few flyblown housewives --- rather than the hundreds of thousands of dream lovers from the old days: those in the dark valleys of the middle west who used to sway in the rich heavy wind of his poetry. Times had changed.

But it was the old radio man, star, personality. Plugging ahead, against all odds. Sonorous voice *WHY DO I LOVE YOU* and Lenny Dee on the organ, keening and wailing just under the words. The shades of Moon River had reached the swamps of Florida.

One day Johnny received a fan letter. His first in too many years. Written on line note-book paper with three holes. It was from some sweet young girl. 15, maybe, or 16. "Yes, Johnny," it said: "I DO love poetry. I love hearing you read." Each time, the word 'love' was underlined, in red: four red lines.

Johnny read the letter on the air. I watched him as he was reading it. He was crying. The tears leaked from the red-rheum eyes. Tears ran down the botched skin, past the ruined mouth. "I *do* love poetry," she said, he read in his rich Moon River voice. "I love hearing you read," he read.

Then he turned off the microphone, and the organ tunes of Lenny Dee came over the monitor, still backgrounding his voice as he told me how much he would like to get in the girl's pants. "I'm going to fuck her," he said, and his eyes brightened. "I'm going to fuck that bitch so fucking hard she's going to fucking fall down bleeding from her mouth." The organ music swelled. There were still tears shining on his cheeks. "Shit, I'm going to get my

prick all the way up that fucking cunt." And he raised up his pasty fist to show how he was going to do it. And his sad redeyes glittered with old alky tears, and the organ music raved on behind us.

KTAO Program Guide #25

SEX AND THE AMERICAN BANKING SYSTEM WILLING,

AS USUAL, TO HELP THE DISTINCTIVE BROADCAST

OUTLETS OF OUR DAYS

The ship of financial state at KTAO develops a few leaks. Dollars seeping down the drains, slipping out the doors when the gods and the dogs go to sleep. Strange letters start appearing from the Credit Bureau of Redwood City. Dun & Bradstreet, in fine corporate confusion, offers to give us a free sample credit financial search on the company of our choice and, in the same mail, duns us heavily for some long-forgotten debt from some long-past management.

> The man at the brokerage service
> Where we used to go so long ago
> Where there are now so many empty desks
> Where the wall is ripped and scarred
> From where they had to cart away the
> expensive electronic moving green-
> figure market board

says that Mr. Iron at the local Savings&Loan can, perhaps, dissolve all our debts; perhaps make our checkbook well again; perhaps even arrest the soaring flight of the dollar. Mr. Iron is reputed to be a man of magic out of the dark mystery of American loanery. I put on my ragged shawl, pick up my battered tin cup to visit the wizard of Iron.

Mr. Iron's Savings&Loan is dark. It is a square tile expanse of ice stretching dark

in effect to protect the bank financial stability by chilling the customer's hearts. Frozen assets as it were.

Mr. Iron has salt-and-pepper hair a bit shorter than my own: say maybe a quarterinch from hair follicle to splitend. I forgot to shave this morning. Mr. Iron notices this. I forgot to press my shirt last month. Mr. Iron notices. My specs are dirty, particles of brain flaking away. Mr. Iron notices. He says nothing. I sit in his icegreen glacier-plastic visitor's chair and say: "Hi! I'd like to borrow a half a million dollars or so." There is just the briefest scattering of a smile.

"What kind of music you boys play over there?" asks the good Mr. Iron. "O, you know," I say, juggling this morning's threehour presentation of Handel's oratorio Jeptha against yesterday's festival of oud music from lower Nubia, complete with native musicians and voice. "You know," I say, hoping he doesn't: "a bit of rock here, some foreign music. A touch of jazz from time to time."

"I like boogie woogie," says Mr. Iron. "Pardon," I say, leaning slightly forward in my chair of pain. "Boogie woogie," he says: "you remember that." "Certainly," I say. Painful memories of Miss Baggs' Class of Social Dance creep through my head. Memories of shoving statues around the floor. Memories of standing around, wondering who was going to get left standing around. Memories of that girl *o god what was her name* who always but always loaded up on onions just before dance class. Memories of the one fast piece of the evening *boogie woogie: was that the name of the record* where we got to jump around some like broken frogs. I think we even laughed some. "O yes," I say to Mr. Iron: "I remember boogie woogie." *you bet your sweet ass I do. and those*

t Top

onions. what the hell was that girl's name? wasn't she the one that killed herself just before she was to graduate from college? she was very fat.

"Maybe you like classic jazz?" I say, brightly. "Do you collect it?" I say. "No," says Mr. Iron, "I don't." There is another delicate pause. I push my hair around some more. "I don't know what's happened to the music since then," says Mr. Iron: "Something's gone wrong since then. I can't listen to it, won't let the kids listen to it."

We pause thoughtfully again. Something's wrong," he says: "the music is too strange. Something's gone wrong with the music, and the kids...something..." Mr. Iron (who has eyes with a blue very much like the blue of a glacier) looks at me for a while. Watches me trying to adjust my coat, trying to make it look less wrinkled.

"The nut," I think. "There must be some way for me to explain the nut of life." The wind pulls the willow branches down across the sidewalk. I have to lean down to get under them. The rain streams down my face, streaks my glasses so that the whole world (street house leaves scudding clouds) turns distorted and wavery. The wind tries to push me back. "The nut," I think: "No matter whether it is four in the afternoon (rain) or eight in the morning (sun) or two in the morning (dark, cold, alone) --- time is leaking away. Our lives are leaking away." This time, this day here right now and me here bending under time and the rain will never again be repeated. Ever.

Our days curl out of the testes of existence. There we are, talking to cold dead men, or dancing with lonely ugly girls, or walking with the wind trying to push us back

to where we came from. *I won't go.*

It's a nut. The whole thing is a nut. Spiraling out of the soft warm bag of life: a strain curling through the endless wraps of the universe. Time shot out of the blaring mouth of some laughing god. There we are, stuck with our tailed seeds, curling out of the nut. And they and it don't care.

"I should get a philosophy," I think. "Or a religion." A big fat glop of cold rainwater finds the tiny gap between coat collar and neck, runs squirming (me and it) down a once warm back. "There should be a philosophy to deal with this silly mystery of our days spiralling on and on." No brakes. No stoplights. No stopping at all. No stopping at all. *At all!*

"There must be some way to approach this whole thing philosophically," I think. "There must be," I think. There has to be. *I think.*

KTAO PROGRAM GUIDE #12

SEX AND A STORY OF ANOTHER RADIO STATION, IN

ANOTHER (SADDER)

CITY

I was on the air, playing some Gagaku Court Music of Japan. A listener came in. He was wearing a cape, and a magic pointy hat. He gave me an eggplant.

"Here," he said: "Take it. Do you know that this eggplant contains all the vibrations of the Universe?"

I didn't, but I took it anyway. I set it on the Gates studio consolette to keep

me company as I was playing the Japanese Court Music.

Now I had never been exposed to the Vibrations of the Universe before. At least I didn't think I had. But since I was an old radio man, I figured I could beat them by simply holding the eggplant up to my ear.

I wasn't sure of what to listen for. Once I had read in a book that the Universe burned on slots of gold. I thought that the noise of this particular eternity might be a soft, golden moan.

I put the eggplant up to my ear and as far as I could tell, there was no especial sound. At least I couldn't hear it. All I could hear was the Gagaku Court song 'Ichi Uta."

After the selection was over, I told the KDNA audience about this adventure. I said: "Here. Maybe my hearing is bad. Or maybe I am just insensitive. Maybe you can hear the sound of the Universe better than I can." So I held the eggplant up to the microphone so that they could hear what I couldn't hear.

And as I did that, the tape machine (which I had neglected to shut off) came on with another selection of Japanese Court Music. "Suruga Uta."

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At KDNA, the radio station and the volunteer living quarters are all in the same building. When you get tired of playing radio downstairs, you can go up to the 2nd floor and borrow one of the beds for awhile and wake up at 3am and hear Gabriel playing James Brown at the 120 db level...and it creeps up from downstairs through the heat ducts like fog, mixing with your dreams, and outside the Blacks come and go all night at the Rex Hotel&Bar next door.

KDNA is set in the St. Louis ghetto. The streets are filled with pimps and whores and angry blacks and drunks and kids in rags playing and forty-five year old hookers. Junkies right outside the window you can see them laughing and talking and running and falling down.

[The neighbors are convinced that KDNA is a whore house in disguise. Two drunks came in once, wanted to see the girls. "No," Jeremy said. "It's a radio station. Look." And he took them back to see the records going around, the sound coming out. They weren't convinced. So he went on the air, said that there were two visitors who believed themselves to be in a house of prostitution. He asked that some listeners call up to explain that it was the Sound of Music not young ladies what made that particular operation go around. They did, but there is no record that the visitors were at all convinced. Prejudices die hard in the ghetto.]

The last time I was at KDNA, I was drafted to do all the shit work on preparing their application for renewal of broadcast license since I am such a good bureaucrat. Besides, I am the only one connected with that operation who can spell.

One of the questions on the form I really got to do. It said *State in Exhibit Number (Blank) the methods used by the applicant to ascertain the needs and interests of the public served by the station...*

"Jesus Christ, F.C.C.," thought, "the roads of St Louis close right in the goddam door and steal the tape recorders and tools for another five. And when they aren't doing that, they are [illegible]

female volunteers down the street, trying to get them into the alleys so they can expose them to other community needs." It's just like asking a concentration camp inmate fresh out of Auschwitz whether he is *sure* the Germans were out to murder him.

As far as I know, KDNA is the only ghetto radio (or television) station in the country. I must say it adds a certain *verité* to the programming. Like the staff has to go no more than 20 feet to see a city dying because of ruinous speculation, and a petty, bickering city government, and prejudice. But living and working in the ghetto makes the staff tough, less than willing to be open and free as we are (I think) in the garden paradise flower of Los Gatos. They have lost too much equipment to the sticky fingered junkies; the women have been too brutalized on the empty streets. There are two locks on the front door; a peep-hole and speaker, and when you knock after six in the evening, a 1984 voice says 'Who's there?' That Orwellian voice is one of us.

Across the street, the Apollo Broadcasting Company bought up a two story building and ran an automated FM station there until the ghetto kids burned it up for the third time so that they got sick and tired of it all and moved downtown to the marble-and-glass section of St. Louis where the needs of the people weren't so *pressing* and *real* for god's sakes. KDNA staff shrugged their shoulders and boarded up all their street level windows and bought seven more fire extinguishers.

When I was there, I realized that KDNA sees so many community needs that they might well become one. Radicalization, I guess they call it. What happens if you are a young white college dropout hippie type, into experimenting with good radio --- and

you find yourself in the middle of the dingy community of the poor --- with all its accumulated grievances: it's enough to make you think "As part of the most gorgeously rich country in the world, why does this city look something like 1944 London?" Are all Blacks just slobs who tear down neighborhoods and rip up buildings? Or is it something more subtle than that? *Like the destruction of self-belief of a whole culture --- born of slavery, prejudice, five centuries of intolerance?*

So you find your ideas becoming a bit more militant. And then there's the St. Louis Police. Doing their bit. To radicalize.

It's not enough for the staff to be living pisspoor, getting $10 a month for expenses, giving up every possible freedom of affluence to this crazy station --- then there's the force of order and law.

It is a balmy night in September. Late at night. 1:18 AM, to be exact. And they come bludgeoning in the door, dragging the staff out of bed, claiming to have found a couple of baggies of you-know-what (rabbit-and-hat style) in some previously empty cabinets.

KDNA, a station which has programmed some material which is very critical of our foreign policy, state and city governmental corruption. A station which is striving to exercise those all-too-rare freedoms of speech. Is that why you are here officer? I would like to explain to you officer, but there you are, waving the two black eyes of a sawed-off shotgun at me, warning me not to

turn on the microphone, warning me not to tell the listeners about what is happening to me, and my heart, and the future of free speech radio in St. Louis. I worry about your finger, officer, and blood *my blood* and flesh *my flesh* all over this quiet control room. Are you trying to radicalize me officer? Are you trying to give me some feeling for arbitrary, untrammeled power, police power? Is that the reason you are here, officer?

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I started out by telling you that the theme of Sex & Broadcasting would be the potent need, we all have, to communicate. I got sidetracked a bit on the FCC and all those Civil Service fiefdoms which don't give a good goddamn about you and me, and the sweet variegated parts of our personalities. I told you how they live by rules and laws --- which is supposed to give us a great sense of security, but for those of us who have read some about Eichmann and Hoess, we get a bit ancy about the 'true' bureaucrat. (One of the great lessons of Naziism is that paper-pushers have a tremendous capacity for evil, and a tremendous ability to isolate themselves from that evil.)

But there is another vital part of listener-involved community alive free form radio which I have not communicated. And, since I am damn sick and tired of writing and rewriting this book, I'll have to stuff it here at the end, like some shirt-sleeve dragging out of the side of the suitcase.

What it is is that I have yet to tell you about the *fears*. That big choo-choo train, streaming down the line, a gold

letter plate screwed in the boiler, marked

PARANOIA

Some community radio station people have good reason to wake up and sweat at night. The staff at KPFT Houston kept thinking *Why are we being so silly? Why do we have all these imaginary fears?* Then these imaginary fears turned into two very unimaginable blasts in the transmitter shack. And KDNA fears as I have mentioned came in the door with Remington 12 Gauge Shotguns.

And KPFA. There's my next book. Growing up inside me right now, a sprout and shoot which will render me sleepless for the next two years *as I have been for the last two weeks getting you out of my system.*

Old KPFA. The first. In a long line. KPFA. On the air in 1949. Off the air in 1950. On the air in 1951. And, in 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952 et al: that was when the staff tore each other a-part. Each day. Hourly. Endlessly.

There was good reason for the KPFA people to be scared for the first 10 years of the station's life. The United States was locked in The Fear of The Red Beast. It was a rumor that John C. Doerfer, recently of Wisconsin, friend of you-know-who, Chairman of the FCC, had vowed that he would get that son-of-a-bitching station off the air.

Fortunately, the country grew up some, and Mr. Doerfer was caught with his hand in a cookie-jar known as the George B. Storer Company company yacht. [Regulators should be social virgins, and not fishing cronies with those they are supposed to be regulating. Doerfer, surely one of the worst FCC Chairmen, left office shortly after the news got out. He is now working for ---ready?--- George B. Storer.]

But listen: the fears of the community radio people, I am loath to tell you, come as strongly from within as without. It works like this: people like you and me who are involved with strange and

honest broadcast operations have a looseness in the brain-pan. We (you and I, love) operate best through tension, insane schemes, and bizarre fears. We seem to create nests of slander, inwit, neurotic outrage, and mental dyspepsia.

I tell you all this not to cover you and me and the existing community stations with calumny. But, rather, to suggest that as you move towards getting your operation on the air, you should also set about defusing the madness inherant in the people who will come to be volunteers or staff for you.

See: commercial radio stations have a built-in defusing process which is MAKE-MONEY. You don't have that. What you have is a group of dedicated sincere people who want to Do Good and Right. And they are all crackers. Aren't we?

Choose your fellow workers carefully and well. Get people who are stable and loving and involved, but get people who have a life outside the station. Because they can drive you (and it) balmy.

Listen: the reason KRAB was such a benign operation through its first five years was not just because Seattle is such a benign city where the outrage of free speech has been tolerated up through the ages. Nor is it because for the first five years we were convinced that noone ever listened to us: what with our two hour concerts of Korean Temple bells and weekend extravaganzas of the music of Dahomey. No --- it was because Nancy and Gary and Jeremy and James and I were careful to people the station with richly self-contained individuals. Good people, who loved listener supported community radio, and what it could do for our minds; but, individuals who valued life outside the station.

It was not just that we took a couple of gallons of mountain red to the board meetings; it wasn't that we practiced an anarchistically politically detached wryness in our daily lives: it was, most of all, that we had a loud early warning system which went off whenever 'political' types came in the door. And I ain't talking about communists or John Birch Society members.

You will have hundreds of volunteers. They, and your board and staff, should be apolitical. Apolitical in the most inner sense. Apolitical

in that you can only survive through openness, warmth, and a militant avoidance of rumor. You must be a lightning-rod.

I can tell you all this, but I am not so sure that I can <u>really</u> tell you, unless I were to meet you face-to-face, belly-to-belly. It's all tied up with Existential mental sets, whatever the hell those are, and the willingness to confront the peas hiding under the mattress. You must you should please try to defuse (read diffuse) intrigue and rumor. You will survive longer than --- if not as brilliantly as --- all those committed, secretive, artistic, tortured political boobies who try to convince us that their creativity is tied to their troublesome difference.

There is a story I have to tell you about all this. It is right where it should be: at the end of this book, at the beginning of all others. I told it to Larry Q. Lee, the resident wag of Pacifica, right after he called me "The Peter Pan of Listener Supported Radio." If I can tell him, I can certainly tell you:

(ADVT)

Dr. Rob't Harris, sort of the Peter Pain of community radio, has asked that we urge you once again to subscribe to the aRe Newsletter. Dr. Harris (illustrated above, fists raised) sends the mailing out each two weeks. It is the best way for people into alternative radio projects to keep in touch with each other. Letters printed, essays on equipment, ideas, FCC, radio philosophy. $10 a year, or $5 for 5 months. Sample available. Alternative Radio Exchange, Box 852, Felton, California, 95018.

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It concerns Lew Hill. He started the whole listener-supported radio station thing in this country. He is the Father of Us All. Or was, until, in 1957, on a windblown hill outside of Berkeley, in a 1953 Dodge, with the windows rolled up, with the motor running, with a green water-the-lawn garden hose snaking from exhaust pipe to left side vent window, he did himself in.

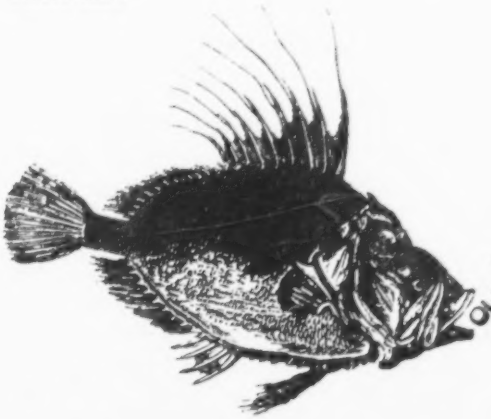
Why did you do it, Lew?

And Gertrude Chiarito the Great Earth Mother of KPFA for 18 years from the miniscule beginnings until the harpies ran her away in 1966, dreamed a dream. A dream, a horrible dream, which tells you and me all about the crazy madmaking tear-apart weirdness which is the community of community radio:

It is late at night. It has been raining very hard. It is after midnight. There is a banging at the door of my apartment. I put on my robe and run downstairs, open the door. There is Lew Hill. His clothes are all sopping wet. The rain is pouring down his face.

"Why, Lew," I say: "You can't be here. You're dead." *YOU CAN'T BE HERE. YOU'RE DEAD.*

"No," he says. "I'm not dead." *I'M NOT DEAD.* "It's just a rumor, spread by my enemies," he says. *IT'S JUST A RUMOR. SPREAD BY MY ENEMIES. SO THEY CAN TAKE THE RADIO STATION AWAY FROM ME.*



FIN

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING
ABOUT "SEX AND BROWN ASIANS"

"This slim volume..."
---Printer's Bind

"...these leaves...this grass..."
---W. Whitman

"Scarcely had a thought emerged..."
---"The Emergence
of Thought"

---Saturday Night Magazir